

## The Way We Wanted To Be

### **The Family Field**

Grandpa's voice has faded into the memories of other people's stories,  
And when we water the family field every year we think of him,  
And try to get the seed to grow like it did when he grew it,  
But it doesn't –  
And maybe never will again.

But we go out to the field again and again and toss the seed and till the soil,  
Because that's what was done before we were born,  
And we think that it will be what is done after we die,  
But we don't know –  
And we don't ever wonder.

The sky is dark with the dust that blows across it like dirty snow,  
The children wear masks and goggles and lean forward when they walk,  
And the adults are covered with scars that make it hard for them to move,  
But they struggle through –  
And walk the field again and again.

Grandma's voice is telling us that it is time to move on but we don't listen,  
And we still cannot figure out how to get the land to grow again,  
And the children are taught how to grow the seed as if the seed will grow,  
But it doesn't –  
And maybe never will again.

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### **First Snow**

The road through the woods is covered, yet bare  
The underbrush visible as brown strands of hair,  
Blackness above stares down through the white,  
But with no moon to guide, which way is right?  
Fighting the tempting to turn, I silently stare.

Into the woods we'll go and not knowing why,  
We'll trample the grass into the shards in the sky,  
We must never hurry and never turn back,  
For what is behind us is increasingly black,  
Feather drops down in the dark, deepest dye.

I reach out my hand to find I'm all-alone,  
The pit in my stomach has turned quickly to stone,  
I brace to call out, but beckon no sound,  
Instead marvel at the blackness around,  
Enveloped in warmth that I've never known.

### **Days that Love**

Hiding in the shadows of your heart shaded by the memory of where you are not with me  
at your side like the start of us in a hand clasped together we feel fingertips slide away  
into a painful bliss of cherished kisses touching my lips with fleeting grace as my hand  
draws down your arm moves toward mine with harsh intent eating at my heart bursting  
with love of a dream with you lying in silence our eyes glistening love of the first hope  
that draws your hair into my eyes kissing on top your body rolls away.

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### **Arrested Heartbreak**

My arrested heartbreak is the hope and shame of your indecision  
On the walks through middle school where held hands are steamy sex scenes  
And all I want to know is what goes on under your shirt?  
At your heart, fool, but the other, too, will do.  
Especially if you leave, then that may soften the blow.

Our G rated friendship is scarcely satisfying  
And when you say you need me I write the story out.  
I fill in all the undelivered blanks of a life of you and I and us.  
I'll love us for both of us.  
But you need me as a shoulder of a friend who wipes tears away with fingers.  
And all the romantic Mad Libs of my delusions scratch my heart as they fade away.

But, fuck it, I'll take the blame because it's all made up.  
That hands were held, kisses exchanged, words that were said.  
All were the fiction of a dream that I had while driving to my oasis.  
I am your embarrassed forget-me-not in the candy box.  
And I understand, because you were mine first.